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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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CHILDREN PICKING FLOWERS.

We cannot better illustrate the above representation of this delightful May-occupation, than by giving the following sonnets, by the author of *Rural Sonnets*:

## SPRING.

Exhilarating time! through young and old  
Pouring sensations of new life and joy;  
Restoring pleasures, never known to cloy;  
In thee, with exultation, we behold  
A rapid resurrection, and display  
Of power, all renovant, to clothe the earth;  
To robe the trees, and give their issues birth;  
And, with its spells, to chase foul storms away.  
Bridesmaid of summer! with thy mantle green;  
(That luxury to winter-wearied eyes)  
And favours, in their vari-coloured sheen;  
And fragrance shed about thee, which we prize  
Most of thy attributes—the white I sing,  
Oh, hasten to our clime, cold-thawing balmy  
Spring.

Scatter her path with flow'rets for the bride  
Whom, with the breeze-born loves about thee  
dancing,  
Their wings of gossamer in clear light glancing,  
Thou go'st to summon forth in all her pride.  
Send music to her ears from hill and dell,  
From feather'd minstrels, and from lowing kine,

From flocks responsive to the tinkling bell,  
From murmuring brooks, or whence the boughs  
entwine  
Melodious meshes, which the transient air  
Maketh concordant; tearful-laughing Spring,  
So fair thyself, thus harbinger the fair,  
Thy sister—Summer—whom her worshipped  
king—  
The Sun, which dwells in light above our head—  
For increase on the earth, at length shall fondly wed.

## MAY.

Thrice welcome, genial month, whose balmy sway  
Hastens, to full development, the show  
Of blossoms that make glad the face of day,  
And, in the fractifying sunlight, glow.  
Thou, on life-stirring odours, do'st carouse;  
And, robes immaculate, 'tis thine to wear—  
The milk-white favours of the cherry boughs;  
The dazling promise of the embryo pear.  
The pink-eyed applecup prolongs thy reign—  
The daisied mead—the tulips' pick'd display—  
The hawthorn hedge—each songster's gushing  
strain—  
The lilacs' plum'd—the cheanute's trim array.  
Nature herself holds festival, as thou,  
The garland-graces' Queen, with wreaths adorn'st  
thy brow.

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## THE RED HAND.

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

## CHAPTER IV.

When Luke Salem awoke on the morning which succeeded his capture by the terrific Red Hand, as he considered him, his first thought was of escape. Rising from his bed, he advanced to the window of his little room: it was narrow, and two heavy bars closed all hope of exit. With a deep sigh the spy returned to his couch, and was about once more to court slumber, when a tap at his door warned him that others besides himself were moving.

"Who is there?"

"The Red Hand waits for his friend," said the deep and guttural tones of the Indian.

Luke shuddered; the very sound of the Indian's voice had in it something sanguinary to his terrified imagination.

"I am ready," said he.

"Hugh! good."

And, without further remark, the two men descended to the lower chamber, where a very excellent breakfast awaited them. Luke, whose appetite had not deserted him, despite the disagreeableness of his position, sat down and eat a hearty meal, while the Indian, more moderate, eat sparingly. Ere, therefore, the Yankee had satisfactorily disposed of his portion, the Chicachas rose. Luke now first noticed that he was equipped for a journey.

"You are going?" said the spy, quietly, taking a bite at his corn cake.

"Hugh."

"I wish you a pleasant journey. I conclude you're going far."

"The sun will go down to rest in the happy hunting grounds before the Red Hand reaches the end of his journey."

"Well, then, it's bound to be a long way, for an injun will walk a jackass to death."

"Is my brother ready?" replied the Chicachas, calmly.

"What?"

"Is my brother ready?"

"Ready! for what?" exclaimed Luke, this time, indignantly. "I tell you what, Bloody Fist—"

"Red Hand," said the Indian, his eyes flashing fire; for this nickname was one that always aroused his severest ire.

"The Red Hand," stammered Luke, alarmed at the glare of the other's eye, which reminded him, he afterwards remarked, of a panther about to spring. "I beg your pardon; but what on earth do you ask me for about being ready. You'll put my dander up."

"My brother is going with me," continued the chief, now calm as a statue of marble.

"Where?" said Luke, his knees beginning to shake violently.

"My brother is curious."

"But I won't go. I won't be murdered, I guess. My name ain't Luke for nothing. I'm a free-born Bostonian, I am; and I should like to know who dares make a prisoner of me?"

"The Monk."

Luke dropped the food which he held in his hand, and rose from his seat. There was a magic in the name which he could not understand himself; but all idea of resistance was gone.

The Red Hand was about five and twenty years of age. Tall, slim, and of handsome proportions; he was the beau ideal of an Indian warrior. In his hand was a gun; by his side the terrible and glistening tomahawk, while a hunting knife peeped from his breast. Few would have dared to enter into a struggle with him, and this reflection made Luke shudder as he surveyed him, planning in his own mind the probable issue of any such attempt.

"My brother is ready."

"I am ready."

The Indian stalked calmly to the door, and then to the edge of the lake, where a bark canoe of the lightest materials awaited them. The Red Hand motioned to the white man to enter first, and then following, the boat was pushed from the shore and headed towards the Bayou St. Jean, leading to the sea.

## CHAPTER V.—THE BETRAYAL.

About the same hour that the Monk was announced to the perplexed beauty of New Orleans by the dumb Maroc, there sat in the government house, alone, in a lofty chamber, the Spanish ruler of the city. Reilly, of course of Irish origin, was about fifty years of age, a handsome but stern looking man, his natural bias now in consequence of some peculiar feelings degenerating into ferocity. He was thinking of sunny Spain, of the pleasures and dissipations of its capital, of the coal black eyes and ruddy lips of the Andalusian beauties, and the heart of the ambitious soldier grew sad and thoughtful. He was governor of Louisiana it is true, but the people he ruled were a turbulent and uneasy set, who disliked the yoke imposed upon them. They dared not openly show their hatred of Spanish rule, but a negative opposition was easy and convenient. The governor's balls and parties were unattended, while he was never invited to any noble's house. The spirit of the warrior chafed at these undisguised symptoms of dislike, but as they could scarcely be stretched into acts of rebellion, he was compelled to endure the insult in silence. But they had irritated

a sleeping lion, who was now planning some dreadful punishment for their slights.

Suddenly a servant entered. He approached the governor with reverence.

"What is it, sirrah?"

"A stranger waits your highness's pleasure."

"His name."

"He refuses to give it, your excellency."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A cavalier, your highness—a very proper man."

"Say that I see no man who is without a name."

The servant bowed low and retired. In an instant he returned.

"The stranger, your highness, says 'Tell his excellency I must see him, and will.'"

"What! Caramba," cried the governor, gaily; "show the springal in. I like his boldness."

And the governor rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction. Like most bold and daring men, he felt sympathy with kindred spirits.

A man, wrapped in a cloak, a huge slouched hat covering his head, and who placed a mask on his face as he entered the room, appeared.

"Who is it who thus boldly claims an audience with Spain's vice-gerant?"

"One, your excellency, who is anonymous."

"How, sir?"

"One who, if you would have my secret, must be nameless," replied the other, calmly.

"What secret?" cried Reilly, with his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating as he spoke, for the governor began to hope some excuse for strong measure was about to be offered him.

"The Monk's!"

The Spanish soldier leaped to his feet, for he was thunderstruck.

"The Monk's!"

"The Monk's," repeated the stranger, calmly.

"Well, sir," said the governor, seating himself, and endeavouring to appear composed and careless, "what is your price?" "Secrecy and impunity," continued the other, sternly, "and the treatment of an equal."

"Not having the honour to know you, honoured sir, I was in doubt," replied the governor, courteously; "pray be seated."

"Your highness is too good. But now to business. I hate this man; he annoys me; he stands in my way, and I must be rid of him. You now know my motives."

"Exactly," said Reilly, with a smile; "they are wonderfully my own feelings."

"The Monk, sir governor, is to you a traitor. He is at the head of a powerful

conspiracy to overturn the Spanish rule; and if he is not stayed, will succeed."

"Say you so?" said the Spaniard; "he shall die."

"He is dead," continued the stranger, turning pale, and trembling.

"How, man? Have you—"

"He is dead in the eyes of the world. He died years ago."

"Explain yourself—who is he?"

"If he be mortal man, which I sometimes doubt," said the stranger, half gasping for breath, "he is ———," and bending low, he hissed a name in the governor's ears.

"Jesu Maria," exclaimed the governor, crossing himself, "he is dead. I saw him buried."

"So did I—but the Monk and he are one."

It was an age of strong superstition, and in no land more so than among the Spaniards, where bigotry and cruelty and blood went hand in hand. Under the influence of these feelings it was that Reilly now spoke.

"But, sir stranger, we know not, if he be one of mortal mould."

"Tush," said the other, moodily, "some trick has been played. It is he."

"But of his treachery."

"Listen," and the stranger, as far as it was in his power, narrated the views of the Monk, and in a brief space of time succeeded in convincing the governor of the truth of all he asserted.

"This must be looked to," said Reilly, clenching his teeth; "he must die. But how?"

"To-night, within an hour, his boat will leave the quay for St. Mary's Tower. Two boatmen alone accompany him this time—"

"Well—"

"He can," and the stranger's voice trembled, "he can be waylaid. The waters of the river tell no tales."

"Right," said Reilly, "it shall be done. Without there."

A servant entered.

"Send Luke Salem hither."

"He has not returned, your highness; but this note has been just left from him;" and the domestic handed in a piece of crumpled paper.

"Most noble governor,—Expect nothing from me. I am in the power of the Red Hand."

LUKE SALEM."

"Laconic," said Reilly, biting his lip, "send Juan Salcedo hither."

"The Red Hand!" muttered the stranger; "another creature of the Monk's."

"Say you so?" said the governor, eagerly. "Then he too shall die. Ah! Juan Salcedo!"

"At your highness's command."

"Juan," said the governor, sternly, "you are a silent and a bold man; to-night you must be doubly silent and doubly bold. Take the boat of the Inquisition, with six rowers and four of your gang. You will reach the mouth of the Bayou St. Jean. A boat will come that way—you must attack it; and mind you, Juan Salcedo, the men who man that craft must sleep below the waters of the great river this night."

"Caramba!" exclaimed the professional assassin, "the whole lot of them? Your highness is liberal to-night."

"All," said Reilly, nothing offended at the ruffian's familiarity—a familiarity that ever grows up between co-partners in crime, however great their disparity of ranks.

"But your excellency does not wish me to give everybody that comes that way a bath. In case of accident, might I be allowed to know who I am to expedite on their last journey?"

"The Monk and his boatmen."

"The Monk!" and the before careless ruffian leaned against the wall for support.

"What!" cried Reilly, "you surely are not afraid!"

"Highness!" exclaimed Juan Salcedo, "commission me to kill the devil, but, in the name of all the saints, don't ask me to kill the Monk."

"You parley, rascal! Go, and in an hour prepare to receive the penalty of your crimes!"

"Highness," said the ruffian, recovering himself by a desperate effort, "it shall be done. In an hour I shall have added another crime to the list."

With a low bow the assassin left the room.

"Strange power has this man!" mused Reilly; "if he should really be —"

"What?" said the stranger.

"Nothing! but come, you will gladly wait the issue of this adventure. Let us sup, and I can hear more of your details."

Tap! tap! tap!

"Jesu!" cried the governor, rising from his seat, as three distinct knocks were heard at a secret door in the wainscoted wall of the room.

"What is that?" asked the stranger.

"Come in," said the governor, recovering himself.

The door opened.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

[From Chapman's Magazine.]

Have you ever, reader, been under the protection of the Yellow Flag? If you have, you will probably call to mind circumstances very similar to those I am about to describe; if you have not, my sketch may afford you a foretaste of all you will be likely to enjoy when your good or evil genius shall unfurl over your head that saffron meteor.

After having been twenty-four days out of sight of land we approached, about the 19th of May, the termination of our voyage. The Mediterranean lay hushed in the deepest calm that ever brooded upon its waters. Overhead the transparent atmosphere expanded into an infinite arch of the purest blue—the sun, exerting all the power which he possesses in those latitudes, poured down his fervid rays in floods upon the surface of the sea, which, rippling and trembling as with delight, playfully cast them back again in a thousand glittering reflections. It was some little past noon; there was no employment for the sailors, who loungingly clustered about the stem of the bowsprit, amusing themselves with guessing in what point the island of Malta would make its appearance, when the next breeze that sprang up should waft us a few miles farther westward. The steersman played idly with the handle of the wheel; and the grumbling old captain, one of the most discontented descendants of Adam, sat alone in the cabin, calculating the dreadful waste of provisions occasioned by the calm, and praying for anything short of a hurricane that would carry us into port.

We—that is to say the passengers—had taken out our travelling carpets, and unrolled them on a clear space upon the deck, completely shaded by the mainsail. The length of the voyage had not entirely exhausted our cheerfulness. There were always at our command several sources of amusement—dominoes, for example, and backgammon, some few books, which had been gone through three times already; tobacco, Turkish pipes and coffee, and, more than all, an inexhaustible fund of speculations respecting the delicacies we were to be condemned to browse upon during twenty-one weary days of confinement in lazaretto, lying under suspicion of plague, and consequently shunned like poison by all the sound and healthful part of the population.

I had, for my part, another preservative against ennui, which no one on board appeared to envy me. I mean a little girl of about seven years of age, a creature of inexhaustible life and merriment, conse-

*Progress of Steam-Boats.*—In 1814, there was but one steam-boat belonging to the British empire. During thirty years the number has increased to about 1,000 British steam-boats, which are now navigating all parts of the world.

quently a most incorrigible romp, whose feet, hands, and tongue, were never still, who, as I endeavoured to smoke quietly, reclining on my carpet, rolled over me, plucked my beard and my moustaches, kissed me, worried me, and tormented me, until I almost grew as fond of her as though she had been my own. When for a moment I desired to produce a cessation of her pranks, I would draw into my mouth and lungs a huge volume of smoke until my puffed cheeks resembled those of the god *Æolus* in an old tapestry, and then, blowing it forth in one clear steady current, I would direct it right in her face, which not only sent her to a respectful distance, but exciting apprehension of a similar salute suggested the propriety of greater gentleness and forbearance.

One of our party had formerly spent some years at Valetta, and, affecting from time to time the partiality of a native, would exclaim, as the envious calm withheld the wished-for rock from our sight, "*O, Malta khanina, fior del mondo!*" which is, being interpreted, "Oh, beloved Malta, thou flower of the world!" One of our greatest troubles, which may serve to show how deeply we were afflicted, consisted in the apprehension that the season of strawberries would be over before we should arrive. This fear touched our sensitive hearts. We bewailed ourselves pathetically, more particularly when our friend, who spoke from experience, described the fragrant *sperouara* traversing the by no means narrow frith between Sicily and Malta, and diffusing, as it darted over the waves, the richest of all perfumes on the summer breeze. Visions of baskets piled to the handles with the golden and ruddy fruit, fresh from the mountain gardens of Syracuse or Agrigentum, unpressed, unbruised, and tempting as when they looked forth amid dusky foliage from their native stems, swam before our bewildered fancies.

Nor was this all. In friendly companionship with these baskets, rose the tall taper necks of sundry claret bottles, together with crystal goblets in whose ruby contents we were to dip our moustaches. In our floating prison we had fed on salt meat, and on geese and fowls drowned in their coops during a storm, until our very gorge rose at the sight of a dinner. We had drunk a dusky deleterious potion on which our complaisant captain bestowed the name of wine; we had munched mouldy biscuits which had probably circumnavigated the globe; and consequently the lazaretto of Malta appeared to our imaginations a sort of paradise, in which we were to taste, not only of the *dolce far niente*, a thing by no means new to us, but also of delicious fruits and aromatic wines, beneath an undulating canopy of the costliest Gebeli smoke.

With these most elevated and intellectual speculations we entertained ourselves as the afternoon wore away, until when, just as coffee was served round to us on our carpets, a slight breeze came murmuring astern from the islands of the Archipelago; the sails immediately began to swell, the waves sprang up like a group of children refreshed by sleep, sportively chasing each other toward the setting sun. A change, too, had, unobserved of us, taken place in the aspect of the heavens, where a lofty belt of clouds, exceedingly dense at their base, but growing thin, rent, and broken towards their summits, extended round the whole western horizon. Presently, the sun dipped behind the peaks of these unreal mountains, which appeared, however, to sink as he descended; so that for some time he bore the same relative position with respect to that wild world of crags, caverns, and glaciers, which he painted with hues so fantastical and varied.

Most persons have travelled, every man has seen the sun set; nevertheless, who does not observe nightly some beautiful effect of light and shadow new to him and to the whole world, which really, in all its features, has never before been contemplated since the creation, and which, throughout all eternity, may never perhaps be beheld again? We were standing on the eastern skirts of that circle of light which, stretching over the great Atlantic, in the western edge of its periphery was dawn in some parts of America; and throughout its whole circumference every object was beautiful, and clothed with the colours of joy and gladness. So, at least, it seemed to me. My heart beat with rapture at the scene, touched, perhaps, by some undercurrent of feeling, not to be revealed here, which connected me with persons far away. Perhaps it was the consciousness that I was approaching them that carpeted the sea and tapestried the sky with loveliness. Perhaps I thirsted in Malta for the first sight of the beloved European land from which I had been long absent. Be this as it may, I felt persuaded that beneath that gorgeous chain of clouds which, with its peaks of indescribable brightness and glory, appeared to support the heavens, the island of Malta, with its longed-for lazaretto, lay concealed. And never were its rugged features disguised by a lovelier mask.

From time to time, as a limb of the sun appeared through rents in the masses of glowing vapour, we gazed on ridges and valleys of carbuncle, bordered on the one hand by cliffs of chrysolite, and on the other by lakes of molten sapphire and beryl. Pillowed on these visionary heights, the god seemed to linger in the firmament as if fascinated by the beauties he had called into existence. The heavens above were



meanwhile flooded with a soft amethystine effulgence, through which, far in the east, the stars already began to twinkle brightly, long before the illusions of the day were over. The magnificence of this marine landscape had roused and delighted every one on board, many of whom had their pleasure greatly enhanced by one slight feature in the scenes which I pointed out to them as the sun's disc disappeared for the last time. This was in the midst of the moveable mountains which gradually flattened and disappeared behind the line of the horizon, a small fixed point which I suggested to the captain might be Malta.

Each passenger tried his hand at the telescope in turn, and all corroborated my agreeable theory, but the veteran mariner, whose optics had been rendered somewhat opaque by time, refused to confirm our conjecture, maintaining that what we looked on with so much earnestness was nothing but the last lingering cloud. There, however, it remained, unchanged in outline, though growing every moment less perceptible until nightfall, when we seemed to be left alone with the stars upon the ocean, except that the delightful breeze continued impelling us steadily towards the west, and not even relaxing its exertions when the interposition of sleep rendered us unmindful of their value.

Your true traveller is generally an early riser, at least I always am when on a journey; accordingly, in conformity with the rule which I had set myself, I was up next morning before the lark, or perhaps it would be more proper to say before the captain, as larks in that particular locality there are none. We had made considerable progress during the night, and there lay the island of Malta, stretched out picturesquely in the imperfect light of the dawn. It might be fancy, but to my apprehension it looked exactly like one of those dreamy æthereal mountains which one discovers in the scriptural pieces of Raffaele and the older Italian masters. Besides, it was Sunday morning, and a sabbath stillness seemed to brood over the whole island. As we neared the shore no sounds of labour were heard. We could discover a sprinkling of cottages here and there on the rocky slopes of the hills, but not a chimney as yet smoked, there was no barking of dogs, no bleating of sheep, or lowing of kine, but in their stead, absolute stillness, except that here and there we seemed sometimes to detect the faint splash of the waves as they broke in the distance against the rocks.

With the rapid growth of the light the island put on every moment a new aspect, till at length, as the whole orient grew deeply suffused with red and saffron, it exhibited a brilliant variety of tints, which

were rendered less magnificent when the first golden rays of the sun smote upon its summits. My eye glancing carelessly up the cordage of the ship, now first caught the yellow flag flapping in the morning breeze, at our mast-head. It had been hoisted on the moment of our first getting sight of land to give notice to all whom it might concern that we were coming from the plague countries, and might, for aught that they or we knew, have a cargo of the seeds of death on board.

Presently from a number of coves and creeks we beheld a variety of boats darting forth, like a flight of sea-fowls skimming along the waves; but when the men on board them beheld our flag, they respected us, and kept aloof, and permitted our venerable hulk to float towards the quarantine harbour in solitary grandeur. Besides that it was forbidden on pain of death, no one probably felt the slightest inclination to shake hands with us, for, whatever our anti-quarantinists may affirm to the contrary, in the Levant all persons, whether high or low, experience certain unaccountable qualms and something very like a shudder, at the approach of anything which has the suspicion of plague about it.

Very soon, however, my mind was carried away by a new current of ideas. I beheld the flag of England waving proudly far aloft on the top of the castle of St. Elmo, over the subject land and sea, and almost at the same moment, as we turned round a promontory, discovered one of those floating reservoirs of thunder which extend her influence and render her name respected wherever the ocean has sufficient depth to bear her iron strength upon its bosom. And why may I not now give utterance to the thrill of pride and exultation which trembled through my heart at that moment? Wherever I had been I had found myself surrounded and protected by her invisible influence. But still I could call to mind certain situations in which it had been just possible that the pirate by sea, or the fierce marauders of the desert by land, might have forgotten for a moment what was due to her. Nothing of the kind was possible where I now stood. I felt myself at once within the impregnable belt of civilisation, beneath the shelter of that flag hitherto inviolable, because it is the symbol of the greatest political power now existing on the surface of the globe.

But if empires be mighty and durable, it is not so with those who wield their authority. Within the walls of Valetta the governor of Malta lay dead, and the St. Vincent, as with all her sails set she slowly neared the mouth of the harbour, was from time to time enveloped in the smoke of the

guns she fired in honour of the departed, for every year of his life, one. The whole population of Valetta crowded the rocks and the ramparts, terrace above terrace, all in their gayest holiday costume. Military uniforms were numerous, and amid groups of the dark-eyed women of the south we beheld, through our friendly glasses, numbers of the fairest daughters of the north in the newest fashions of London and Paris. Contrasted with the muffled beauties of the harem, concealed beneath mountains of drapery, sitting astride on asses, and guarded by black eunuchs with long staves in their hands, our countrywomen's naked faces showed to much advantage, and the firing of guns, the shouting of sailors, the screaming of boys and children on the beach, the laughter of the soldiers on the fortifications, the waving of the streamers, the bright green foliage of the orange groves peeping here and there over the impregnable walls of the fortress, the cheerful bells calling the inhabitants to church, —all these and a thousand other circumstances strengthened the pleasant feeling of home; for all countries where England is mistress must be such to the Englishman.

It would be useless to describe the many minute and unimportant circumstances which consumed the better part of the day, but it was late in the afternoon before we landed on the lofty stone terrace, paved with large flags, which runs along the whole front of the lazaretto, situated on a small island, and looking like a huge edifice reared by magic in the middle of the waves.

We were met, as we sprang from the boat on the flight of steps leading up from the water to the esplanade, by the man who, for half-a-crown a day, was to serve us in the capacity of guardian and domestic, exposed to the hazard of contagion, and subjected to imprisonment like ourselves. Our sensations were far too agreeable, however, at that moment, to allow of our making any observations either on our jailor or the place of our captivity. It seemed quite enough that we were once more on terra firma, and indeed it was for some time difficult to believe that we had exchanged the slippery reeling deck, the rocking cabin, and the smell of tarry ropes and sails, for the firm support of mother earth. Glad as we were, however, to relinquish the sea for the land, I should have quitted the ship's crew with some regret, but for certain peculiarities of manner by which they seemed to be characterised. Once inside of the harbour, every man on board appeared to retreat within himself, to lay aside his sociability as he did his sea-garments, and to be interested in nothing in the universe but number one. The captain was obviously possessed of a single

feeling only, namely, the desire to pocket as soon as possible the cash which we had to hand over to him; but as I went down the ship's side, two or three sailors, with whom I had been in the habit of conversing, quitted their work for a moment, and leaning on the bulwarks, with hat in hand, bade me farewell in a very kindly tone of voice.

### TO THE LARK.

Hail, happy bird,  
Or thing more fair!  
For such we deem thee, pois'd in middle air;  
When thou art heard  
Warbling on high,  
Thou charm'st all nature with thy melody.  
When Lucifer  
Proclaims the day,  
Approaching on his dew-bespangled way,  
Thou lov'st to hear  
Thy mead of praise,  
And dip thy plumage in his golden blaze.  
On rapid wing  
Thou leav'st thy rest,  
Hov'ring and fluttering round thy humble nest;  
Meandering  
In flexile flight,  
Till, swift as thought, thou soar'st beyond our  
sight.  
Oh, could I soar  
On beams of light,  
To visit worlds untenanted by night;  
With thee adore,  
High o'er the earth,  
In sunny space, the Power that gave me birth.  
Yet would not I  
To earth return,  
Where cold hearts chill, and fiery passions burn,  
But cheerily  
Would burst away,  
And at heaven's gate enjoy eternal day,  
And in a pure  
Ætherial home,  
With happy and congenial spirits roam;  
And there, secure  
From earthly care,  
Spurn all the toils that human powers impair.  
Spirit of air,  
If such thou art,  
Whose universal note from every part  
Salutes the ear,  
Oh, think thou not  
The mind is born or fettered to this spot!  
No! it shall rise  
High as thy flight,  
And claim a boundless sovereignty—its right—  
Above the skies;  
Like thee shall stray,  
And trace thro' ample space its airy way.  
Nor like thee, there,  
Shall pause on high,  
Fearful the nobler, loftier heights to try;  
Nor drop from air  
With swiftest flight,  
Again enveloped in the circling night.  
Thyself less free  
Wingest thy way,  
Enraptured, thro' the struggling clouds to stray,  
Than Mind shall be,  
When, wing'd with love,  
Earth sinks beneath, and heaven unfolds above.

C. T. B.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;  
OR,  
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.  
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER III.—INCONVENIENCES OF PATRIOTISM.

The news of these events spread in a moment through every part of the town. The citizens of Pampeluna who themselves had not taken a part in the affray, now filled the streets, walking about with an air of triumph and satisfaction. Every body was delighted; the coffee-houses and public places were crammed with visitors. The hotel of the Golden Sun could scarcely meet the demands of its numerous customers who arrived, the stomachs fasting; it was dinner hour—nothing increases the appetite so much as a victory. Peres Gines de Hila, who was no longer the same man, had exchanged his large beaver, his threatening tone, and seditious airs, for a white cap, an engaging smile, and affable words. The conspirators had made way for the landlord; he was of every body's opinion; repulsed no one; he crammed twenty or thirty guests in a hall which held but ten; he had even, in favour of circumstances, passed generously over the punishment of Juanita, whose services he now required. Already was he calculating the tax to be levied upon such a crowd of consumers; he had even established himself at the bar, to survey, with a master's eye, the supposed receipts, and to prevent the occurrence of any fraud, when the brave corregidor, Josué Calzado de las Talbas, appeared in the vestibule; he was followed by a dozen citizens, who, wearing baldric and halbert, had assumed a martial air, and were endeavouring to walk with military precision, always so difficult for a civic guard to assume.

"Honour to the conquerors!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Honour to you," answered the corregidor, "who first raised your voice in defence of our rights! Yes, signor caballeros," continued he, addressing the guests, "without him our liberties slept; no body thought of them; the king would have entered quietly into Pampeluna, escorted by the two regiments of Castilian cavalry, and general acclamations, if the worthy host had not reminded us, that to us alone belonged the right of escorting our monarch." All the guests rose, and drank to the health of Gines Peres de Hila, who took off his cotton cap, and bowed down to the very counter. "Also we, your fellow-citizens, owe you a reward, and we have unanimously elected you sergeant of halberdiers; we come to call you to your post."

"I!" said the landlord, turning pale. "You, yourself; and there is no time to lose."

"But just at this moment my presence is necessary here in my house."

"It is more necessary in our ranks."

"But the interests of my business."

"But those of Pampeluna—a patriot like you."

"Certainly. But if any one could replace me."

"What! give up to another the honour of assuming your rights—rights which you have so eloquently spoke for?"

"I! no!" cried the host, cursing his eloquence and the Fueros both. "I meant to say that I asked nothing better; that I shall be proud to command my fellow-citizens, and to march at their head; but I was not prepared for so great an honour, and I shall want some days to think of my equipment."

"We have brought it. Here it is."

They now presented to the astonished host a large baldric, covered with gold, and a large halbert, ornamented with silver. In vain the new sergeant endeavoured to stammer forth some futile excuse.

"Let us go! let us go!" exclaimed the halberdiers.

"Go, master, go! I will take charge of everything," exclaimed the head waiter, Coello, an Asturian, whose morality was anything but proverbial.

Now, this waiter was what the unhappy host feared the most.

"I will return in an instant," he said.

"No," replied the corregidor; "your duty is to patrol this quarter; and now that tranquillity is established, to oppose yourself to everything which may trouble it; to put a stop to any insurrectionary cries whatever."

"Very well," said the host.

"You are to go with your company, and place yourself on the line of Tacconera, to present halberts to his majesty in passing."

"I!" said Gines.

"You will mount guard all night."

"I!" continued Gines.

"It is one of our privileges."

"Let us go."

Gines Peres, cursing his eloquence and the charter also, put on a scarf, seized the proffered halbert, and issued forth to watch the safety of the houses of Pampeluna, while he left his own to certain plunder.

In the meantime, faithful to the instructions which he had received, and anxious, like an honest lad, to earn the promised reward, Piquillo was parading the streets, crying out with all his might, "Our Fueros for ever!" No one said no, as at that time it was not known what



turn affairs might take; but two or three boys who were wandering in the streets as amateurs, ready to follow the first drum or noise of any kind, joined him in his exclamations, and the procession increasing at every corner, the young general was soon at the head of a juvenile army, when, on turning into a new street, they fell in with another brigade of about the same numbers and age, but of a different opinion, their cry being "Down with the Fueros!" War appeared inevitable between the two parties so opposed, when, to the surprise of the juvenile belligerents, the two generals advanced to embrace each other.

"Is it you, Piquillo!"

"You, Pedralvi! What do you do here?"

"I shout."

"And I also," answered Pedralvi, "I am paid three reals by the followers of the Count de Lemos to cry 'Down with the Fueros!'"

"And I am to have only one real," said Piquillo.

"The other party is the best," exclaimed the troop; and all to a boy went over to Pedralvi. And the two coalesced armies, now making only one, continued its march to the reiterated shout of "Down with the Fueros!"

But suddenly they came upon a body of real halberdiers, with a real sergeant, and real halberds. It was, the reader will readily surmise, Gines Peres, who advanced with intrepidity towards them, without being alarmed at the numerical superiority of the enemy.

"Down with your arms!" called out the sergeant; "down with your arms;" an order the less dishonourable, as the opposing force was not in possession of weapons of any kind; but what caused them some disquiet was, that the halberdiers presented arms, to avoid the effects of which manœuvre, the two generals, thinking that they could best beat the real soldiers in racing, cried, "Escape who can!" and took to their heels with all possible despatch. Unfortunately, in their haste, they turned into a blind alley—a street without a thoroughfare, in which they were soon captured by the civic guard. Peres' victory was complete, and he was moderate in his success, Piquillo and Pedralvi being detained as prisoners and hostages for the remainder. The intention of the sergeant had been to place the two chiefs of the insurrection himself in safe custody; but the day was drawing in, and drums and trumpets sounded. Peres being obliged therefore, to proceed to his position, on the line of the escort, deputed two halberdiers to convey the prisoners to a cellar under the Golden Sun, which he specially pointed out, till he had time to see them

to a place of security. As for our two heroes, conquered, but not discouraged, they walked along in silence, exchanging now and then looks which said: "What are we to do? what will become of us? how are we to save ourselves?" And Piquillo, to do him justice, thought not of himself at this juncture; he dreamed but of the means of saving his companion. But though he wanted neither sagacity, nor wit, nor boldness, the attempt was almost useless; their captors had not seized them by the neck, which, seeing the dilapidated state of their vestments, would have afforded little hold. Piquillo, however, profiting by a moment when his guard was looking another way, suddenly stooped, picked up a handful of dirt, and threw it into the eyes of the halberdier who walked by the side of Pedralvi, crying out, "Away, save yourself!" Nor did the latter wait to hear it a second time. This generous act earned a severe beating for poor weak Piquillo, after which he was conducted, without a chance of escape, into the cellar of the Golden Sun, the key of which was twice turned upon him.

The royal procession had, in the interval, entered the city of Pampeluna by the sound of bells, the shouts of the multitude, the light of torches, and the illumination of the windows. Philip III answered the acclamations of the people by gracious salutations, but with an absent expression of countenance, as if he was a prey to some inward care, yet he had none. Philip was of short stature; well made; his face round and pleasing; he had the lips of his family. He had been taught to show a certain dignity of manner. He was at that time in his twenty-second year, but his physical powers had so slowly developed themselves that he knew neither the vivacity of youth, nor its hopes, nor its passions.

On descending from his carriage he leant upon the arm of Don John d'Aguilar, who awaited at the palace his sovereign's arrival. Don John having heard the king express his satisfaction to the Count de Lemos, wished to hazard a few respectful observations upon the actual condition of Pampeluna, but Philip listened to him with visible embarrassment, in which there was not so much displeasure manifested as fear at being obliged to maintain a serious conversation. He looked anxiously around, and perceiving the Count de Lerma, made signs to him to approach and take part in the conversation.

The king of all Spain and of India had gone to sleep. The minister alone was awake, studying the various reports which had been presented to him of the events of the day. First, the corregidor, Josué Calzado, was spoken of as the idol of the peo-

ple—a person who had raised and appeased the tumult by his own will in a few moments.

"This is a man who must be won over," said the minister to himself; "there is a vacancy at Toledo;" and he made a note in his memorandum-book.

All the reports agreed in tracing the revolt to the barber Aben-Abou, otherwise Gongarello, the Moor, who had first read aloud the proclamation, and accompanied the reading with seditious observations.

"Ah!" said the minister, with a look of proud satisfaction, "I have always said so. It is this Moorish population that foment disorder in the kingdom. They are our natural enemies, who possess our finest provinces, and so long as they shall not be driven out of them, there will be neither repose nor prosperity for Spain. That which no statesman has yet dared to attempt, I will do; I, Don Sandoval y Rosas;" and he stooped, smiled proudly, and added, in a low voice, "I, king of Spain!" And he wrote in his memorandum-book, "To make the Moors of Navarre pay the expense of the insurrection—to have the barber Ben Abou, called Gongarello, watched by the Inquisition, and, on the first possible occasion, expelled from Navarre. He has accomplices—the rapidity of the insurrection proves it." Then, in another report, he read that, during the ferment, an audacious attack had been made upon the house of the treasurer, Victoriano Caramba, and a man whose person resembled very much that of a certain suspicious Captain John Baptista Balseiro, had been seen issuing out of the garden, accompanied by another person, and carrying together the treasurer's strong box. "Lucky," said the minister, on reading this report, "that the evening before I had a hundred thousand ducats from the treasury for the expenses of my castle at Lerma. I have saved that money to the state." And thus applauding his political and financial abilities, the minister retired to rest.

All this time the worthy citizens of Pampluna were walking to and fro before the doors of the palace, ashamed to own how much they would have preferred their beds. Master Truxillo appeared to bear the weight of his honours with the greatest impatience.

"What do you complain of?" said a well-known voice, "my honours were forced upon me, as well as you, and I submit without a murmur."

"Yes; but, Master Gongarello, you have not, like me, a wife, who awaits you at home; and consider the dangers that threaten my house."

"Oh! do not make yourself uneasy on that point—you have friends who will take care of it for you; the brigadier Fi-

dalgo d'Estremos has gone to his old quarters."

Truxillo uttered a shriek of horror, and wished to rush out of the palace, but the gates were closed, and all his companions cried to him that one must not abandon his post when the Fueros and his country's honour were in question. "Alas!" thought Truxillo, and he heaved a deep sigh.

## THE INDIAN WAR.

[From The Topic, of which we have already expressed our great approval.]

With respect to the object which our Indian rulers proposed to effect by this war, it must be obvious that we are unable to decide with certainty. Two courses only, so far as we can discover, will ultimately lie open before them. They may patch up a native government, and undertake to support its authority by a British contingent. Or, having thoroughly subjugated the country, they may reduce it to the condition of a province, and annex it to our empire. Should they really adopt the former plan, it will not be difficult to write at once the future history of the Punjab. What has happened in Hyderabad, in Oude, and in the Gwalior territory, will inevitably occur there. The people will be oppressed. A flagitious system of corruption will replace the administration of justice. The Durbar will keep on foot a large force for the coercion of the Zemindars, and these again in their turn will find themselves compelled to support an army to resist the violence and injustice of the government. Internal wars will rage incessantly,—villages will be sacked and burned,—their inhabitants, compelled to take refuge in the jungle, will maintain themselves and their families by robbery—the lands will be thrown out of cultivation. Commerce, everywhere surrounded by increasing perils, will forsake the country, and select some safer track, until after whole generations of misery, crime, and barbarism, circumstances will constrain us to have recourse ultimately to annexation.

Few, who are acquainted with the internal working of society in India, will dispute the correctness of the picture we have drawn. It is not based on the uncertain ground-work of political prediction—it represents what is and has long been; consequently, whatever objections may lie against the incorporation of the Punjab with our Indian empire, they must weigh as nothing in the balance against those to the subsidiary system which we have pointed out, and many others which might easily be brought forward. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the government contemplates nothing less than permanent

occupation; and if so, the country cannot fail to regard with extreme interest the new relations in which we shall stand to many surrounding states. Our north-western frontier line will run along the foot of the Affghan mountains, up to the mouth of the Khaiber Pass, and then turning eastward, will ascend the Himalaya, project into the heart of Central Asia, and stretch along the summits of snowy ridges, where the dependencies of the Chinese empire meet, and which almost blend with those of the Punjáb. These, at the first glance, may appear to be but barren possessions. It is by no means unimportant, however, for the supreme authority in India to be masters of all the tracks of commerce leading to or from it, and to hold in its hands the keys of those immense table lands of interior Asia which, from time immemorial, have been the grand reservoirs of power and dominion in the east.

Many appear to alarm their imaginations by contemplating the rapid and prodigious spread of our Asiatic dependencies. They fancy, that in proportion as our strength becomes more diffused, it must be the less able to suppress internal troubles, and resist aggression from without. But states have no definite limits, save those which may beset them by the power and resources of the race by which they are founded and built up. There may be natural boundaries too strong to be surmounted by the energies of one people, which may yet be able to set no limits to the conquests of another. Wherever our interests and our fortunes carry us, there is our country. We know not where we shall stop, or where we ought to pause; an irresistible impulse urges us forward—superior to political prudence—superior to the hacknied maxims of statesmen—superior to the calculations of pedantic science. It is the force of martial and imperial instincts, implanted in certain races by nature, and not implanted in them in vain. The supremacy over Asia must be ours, or must belong to some other state. We shall yet have to fight for that supremacy, and are rapidly approaching the vast battle-field, where the east and the west, marshalling all their forces, must decide once for all who are to be masters of Asia. All the currents of events have long been hurrying us towards this point, and experience, we trust, has at length convinced the country, that it is not the politics of the India House, or the counsels of the Board of Control, that can stunt or check the development of our fortunes, as a nation, in the east.

Among the results of the conquest of the Punjáb, will be increased facilities for consolidating our power within the limits of

India itself. This achievement will almost extinguish throughout its whole extent the hopes of the disaffected; they will perceive that nothing is to be gained by provoking a contest with us but discomfiture and loss of territory, and in this conviction will probably betake themselves to the cultivation of civil arts, and abandon altogether to us the cares of war. Until now the existence of the Sikh power has served to keep alive, in many parts of the country, the hope of beholding the re-establishment of a native government, because in so large an empire there must always be those who would profit more by disorder than by the mildest and most enlightened government. These classes required the lesson which they will now be taught; it was necessary that they should perceive how baseless their hopes were.

At the same time it must not be supposed that, with the subjugation of the Punjáb, our internal difficulties will entirely cease. The Nepál Rajah will have to be subdued, and we must extend the advantages of our government to Oude, and Gwalior, and Hyderabad, and wherever else the germs of Asiatic barbarism have been suffered to lurk and fructify. When these tasks shall have been accomplished, and not till then, we may apply ourselves in good earnest to develop the resources of the country by the construction of railways, by giving encouragement to agriculture, by calling into activity the manufacturing system, by enlarging indefinitely the field of commerce. Human foresight is incapable of discerning the bounds to which the prosperity of India may attain under the influence of a wise government, which may convert the whole land into a garden, and bestow peace and plenty on all its inhabitants. At this moment there are many millions of them who can scarcely be said to have made the first step towards emerging from the savage state. In one part they worship the evil principle, and seek to appease its wrath by human sacrifices. Elsewhere they lead a life little elevated above that of the brute, subsisting on wild honey, and on those roots and fruits which the earth spontaneously produces. No clothing, no huts or hovels have they to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, but retreat at night into caverns or hollow trees, or sleep upon the bare earth beneath heavy baskets or crates, their sole defence against the tiger.

Towards removing this reproach upon our civilisation, we think the conquest of the Punjáb will prove an important step. It will, for many years to come, relieve our Indian rulers from the necessity of making great military preparations to guard against a foe whose power was

always felt to be dangerous. The other great struggles to which we have pointed lie far in the back-ground of time, and need not therefore at present enter into our calculations, while the minor affairs that remain to be arranged within the traditional limits of India will require no great effort or expenditure. Our whole care may therefore be bestowed on the works of peace, the assiduous prosecution of which will confer upon the country a value which it has hitherto never possessed. We may then apply ourselves, moreover, in good earnest to the emancipation of the natives from the thralldom of ignorance and barbarism, not by arbitrary common-place systems of education, but by enlisting them in the service of science and refinement, and calling them to aid in bestowing on their country the fruits of the practical and useful arts. Too favourable an opinion can hardly be formed of their aptitude. In war we already see them aiming at a proud equality with our countrymen; and if we be true to ourselves and to them, we shall ere long behold them aiming at the same equality in the processes of civilisation. Nor need any one be alarmed at this. By imparting the impress of our character to the native mind, we shall subdue it to ourselves, and attach it to ourselves, and the bonds of love and knowledge will be substituted for those of ignorance and fear. They will look with affectionate admiration on our empire, and, learn to exclaim with us, "May it be perpetual!"

### SLEEPING RAINBOWS.

BY EDWARD KING.

(Of Blackburn, Oxon. Author of "Bliss not Riches," &c.)

In my various readings, I do not remember ever having met with any philosophical comments on a beautiful phenomenon which I witnessed, for the first time in my life, yesterday; it may be designated *Gossamer Rainbows sleeping on the Grass*. Doubtless, the phenomenon must be of not unfrequent occurrence; nevertheless, I suspect that it has not often been seen so perfectly developed as on this occasion of which I am writing; I asked five agricultural labourers, who were preparing to thatch my clover-ricks, and who have spent long lives, mostly in the fields, to notice it; and they all declared that they never before had seen any similar appearance. Opticians, astronomers, natural philosophers, and other scientific men, will have no difficulty in tracing the result to those principles which explain the phenomena of solar and lunar rainbows, stellar halos, penumbra, &c.; but, as others, who

love to notice the curious and beautiful in nature, will be pleased to know when and where to look for *Rainbows sleeping on the Grass*, I shall endeavour to mention those accessories which accompanied the splendid display in question, as guides for finding these transient beauties on future occasions. On the morning of the 26th of September, after a brilliant and rather cold night, a fog (not so dense but that an observer would predict that the sun would soon disperse it) rested over my sheep-common. At half-past nine a.m., one's shadow began to be distinctly perceptible, and, in half an hour more, the whole landscape was brightened as with the smiles of young morning. On looking eastwards, the lawnlike common was seen exquisitely reticulated by white threads, the network of busy spiders, presenting, in some measure, the appearance of a slight fall of snow, yet leaving the tints of green peeping through it. On turning round, and facing north of west, so as to look right along one's own shadow, by leaving the sun full on one's back, there were to be observed two beautiful distinct rainbows, reflected from the dew-drops hanging upon the gossamer-threads, hitched by the spider-artificers to every blade of grass. Of these rainbows, the right-hand one tended nearly north; the other, the left-hand one, nearly west. They both widened, and straightened, as the distance increased; they curved as they grew nearer, and seemed to taper to a common point, and meet just behind one's heels. The prismatic colours were arranged precisely as in the common rainbow; the violet forming the inner margin of each, and the orange-red the outer margin of both, right and left. My old sheep-common seemed all at once converted, not exactly into fairy land, (for Elfin-sprites, where they perform their many mystic rites, revels, and gambols, by moonlight, leave not rainbows sleeping at one's feet, to betray, at every step, their nocturnal pranks to early wanderers), but rather, if one may be allowed a little of the Greek poetic imaginings, into light-refulgent Olympus itself; and I seemed to occupy the identical spot, where, of old, imperial Jove presided amidst the minor Gods in synod gathered round; and these *Gossamer Rainbows sleeping on the grass* seemed an iridescence, just kindled by Mercury, in hurrying to and fro with mandates for the sons of men.

### AN AMERICAN'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.

Never was England so rich and so powerful as at this hour. Her government was never more firmly established nor more

vigorously administered; its machinery was never so thoroughly diffused over its territory, nor worked with so much precision and promptness. By its ubiquitous police, by its well-appointed regiments, its forts and garrisons, and by the splendid system of railways, it can concentrate an amount of force at any given point sufficient to crush an insurrection in the bud. The naval arrangements of England are the wonder of the world. Her ships are familiar to every sea. Her dominion is established in every quarter of the earth. But it is not in the resources of the government, extraordinary as they are, that the wealth of England displays itself most strikingly. The stranger beholds in the Thames enough, he would think, for the commerce of many nations, and might imagine that London was only a city of merchants. A ramble in Hyde-park on some pleasant afternoon convinces him of his mistake. He sees around him evidences of wealth not sprung from commerce. Equipages, many of them rich enough for royalty in other countries, whirl by him in scores. The beauty of the horses, the perfection of the whole array, and the multitude of liveried servants, dazzle and confound him. If he pass into the abodes, not merely of the aristocracy of blood, but into the other almost equal aristocracy of wealth, he will find a profusion of costly furniture which no other city in the world can match. Yet he might think that all the wealth and splendour of England is confined to the metropolis. Let him travel through the land and learn his error. Wherever he may go, it is over costly railways, in costly cars, or over smooth turnpikes with trimmed edges, such as, in other countries, might be the walks in a rich man's pleasure grounds. Noble edifices strike his eye at every turn of the road. Rich fields are cultivated in the very perfection of agriculture, and large towns present themselves at intervals of but a few miles. In these towns he still finds the wealth of England. If they are in an agricultural district, the church, the parsonage, and the squire's abode, are all on a superior scale. If they are in a manufacturing district, his very imagination staggers under the idea of the vast capital employed in the thousand factories and ten thousand houses around him. Go where he will, he cannot escape from the evidence of the wealth of England. They are the strong points of light in the foreground of the picture. They must strike the eye of the most hasty observer; they may so absorb his attention that he will not notice the gloomy background at all. — *Dr. Durbin.*

### Reviews.

*Jocelyn; an Episode.* Journal found in the house of a Village Curate; by Alphonse de Lamartine: translated by Robert Anstruther. [Bowdery and Kirby.]

A very brief perusal of this work must satisfy the reader upon one point, viz. that Robert Anstruther should have written an original poem, and not a translation; for the English version is vastly superior to the French poem. Perhaps this feeling may have been somewhat generated in us by the fact that we cannot see the charm in Gallic verses which others appear to think they possess; and moreover, we are far from being admirers of De Lamartine generally. He certainly has a marvellous facility for stringing together a vast multitude of verses; but the whole, when carefully analysed, amounts to very little that is valuable. Besides, when a man professes any particular opinions in religion we like him to be sincere. De Lamartine is a Catholic, and doubtless wishes to be thought a very orthodox personage; why therefore write a book to show the miseries, agonies and sufferings, the misfortunes, the blighting of two young hearts, caused by the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood? If he disagrees with this phase and certain others in the belief, why not avow himself a Protestant? When a man quarrels with all the usages of his church, and still professes to belong to it, one is apt to believe him really a member of none.

The story of *Jocelyn* is briefly this. *Jocelyn* has a mother and sister, the sister has a lover; but the lack of wealth prevents her union with the man of her choice, *Jocelyn*, on finding this, becomes a priest, though disliking the ministry, and his patrimony handed over to his sister makes her happy. The horrors of the French revolution scatter the monasteries—one of the blessings of that great event; and the young priest flies to a hermitage in the Alps. Edwin and Angelina is then acted over again, though the termination be different. A priest in love is a worn out theme. It is the subject matter of "Luther," of "Notre Dame de Paris," of the "Simple Story," and of various other works; and in all it is painful and disagreeable, while here we have the further melodramatic event of a boy turning out to be a girl. However, on this theme we have a handsome, elegant, nay, superb volume of 350 pages; and those who appreciate elegant and able poetry, will do well, in consideration, not of the original, but of the translation, to procure the work and read it.

Robert Anstruther has in the volume before us proved himself a true poet, elegant, sweet, energetic, and powerful by



turns, full of gentle imagery, of bold thoughts, of power to delineate the tremendous scenery of the Alps, and ability to touch off the gentlest emotions.

"Night came, the dreary night  
Which *savoured* hearts can ne'er unite.  
Go, dearest mother! and in calm repose.  
And sweetest slumber banish far thy woes;  
Yet bless, oh! bless thy son,—then gently sleep.  
Mother! this is no night for thee to weep.  
Sleep! for if absence sink thee in such gloom,  
How wilt thou bear death's everlasting doom?  
That hour may come too soon; yet in that hour,  
Glad solace! thou shalt feel the spirit's power!  
Sleep! and ere the sun's first rays are shed,  
Mother, thy son will kneel beside thy bed.  
God, pardon, then, what tears may flow;  
More than one mother man can never know."

\* \* \*  
Soft from the mountain came the evening breeze,  
And nature's vespers sighed among the trees.  
'Twas such a night as on the soul bestows  
Its soothing influence and serene repose,  
When rising queen-like o'er the realms of night  
The pale moon sheds a softened, flickering light,  
And intermingles in its chastened beams  
A darkness mellowed by more brilliant gleams.  
Garden I sought, and alley, bowser, alcove,  
In each found traces of a mother's love!  
I wandered o'er the greensward, where each hour  
Of youth expanded like the expanding flower,  
I heard the fountain playing ceaselessly,  
I touched familiar walks, kissed every tree,  
Wandered from trunk to trunk, as if I pressed  
On each the memory of my last caress;  
And fancy grasping shadows in its grief,  
Found a fond sympathy in every leaf!  
I sat upon the mossy, rough brown seat  
Where oft in childhood at my mother's feet  
I lounged enraptured! Whence'er I roved  
My eyes discerned the form so dearly loved;  
Parent and child soul-blended, and I felt  
Within my heart my mother's accent dwell."

The reader will doubtless find twenty better passages; but the above is a very good specimen. When we come to "The Eagle's Grot on the highest peak of the Alps of Dauphine," we have some magnificent descriptions which are too long for our columns, but which will be read with intense interest by all who are tasteful enough to peruse the volume. Indeed, it is in the portraiture of the stormy struggles of the elements of man's mind, and the working of the passions, that Mr. Anstruther succeeds best, which is high praise, since these are the most difficult tasks of a poet. The following is good:—

"The maiden had that bloom of beauty sweet,  
Unmellowed by the summer's glowing heat,  
The swan's down cheek, to which the ready blush  
Would at a look in crimson colours rush,—  
Fearless, her dewy eye of blue betrayed  
The trustful love that either bosom swayed;  
Her silken eye-lash deigned not to conceal  
A thought, a blush, a wish that she could feel.  
Yet her gaze rested on him free from fear,  
As rests the hand within the hand most dear.  
Her glossy ringlets a black band confined,  
Save only two that to her waist declined,  
Where the white blossoms from the prairies sprung,  
Behind her gracefully in clusters hung."

A red and tight-faced bodice clasped her waist,  
In ample folds her form a dark robe graced,  
That fell to mid-leg, and exposed her feet  
Naked and white, that seek the moss's heat,  
(As in the wrecks which in the world are seen,  
Two feet of marble sparkle on the green;)  
Her fingers wove the osier, whilst her glance  
O'er field and meadow wondered as by chance.  
Thus fled the moments; yet it stirred not them,  
Dark shadows fell around the maple stem,  
The sated ox slept in his grassy bed,  
The bleating lamb towards its mother sped,  
And yet the lovers, charmed to be alone,  
Changed not a look, a posture, or a tone;  
By their soft language you might truly guess,  
Their hearts were not like mine,—a wilderness."

Shortly after this scene, a wounded victim of the French revolution commends his only son to the care of Jocelyn, which son turns out to be a lovely and beautiful woman, thus described ere her disguise is penetrated, in a very startling manner:—

"None of my youth among my young compeers,  
None amidst the students, friends, of mellow years,  
Had those soft traits, that brow that languor fills,  
That silver tone that through each fibre thrills,  
That white skin tinged with veins of softest blue,  
That glance, though shunned, that pierces through and through."

\* \* \*  
When o'er these heights his small feet, homeless, bound,  
His knotted neckcloth round his waist tight bound,  
Close to his throat his creaseless fitting vest,  
Yet scarce confining his imprisoned breast,  
His naked head supports his head with grace,  
Even as a courser's panting for the race,  
His flaxen ringlets that no pressure know,  
Curling by nature o'er his shoulders flow."

The result of all this entanglement and *embroglio* must be sought in the book itself, which (despite the French spirit which animated the author), in the translation deserves a place on every drawing room table, and will be read with pleasure by all who appreciate poetry. To mere novel readers it is admirably suited, for the story is exciting, stirring, and mysterious.

### The Drama.

*Italian Opera.*—The principal event of this week has been the benefit of Lucile Grahn, that charming and popular *dansreuse*. It is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient approbation of this theatre without appearing to be fulsome. But in reality its manager deserves the most sincere gratitude from the public for the zeal and fervour with which he caters for their amusement. A visit to the Italian Opera is an intellectual treat. Music is ever delightful, but here we have it of the highest and loftiest character. Subjects, singers, orchestra, all combine to render the charm complete. Grisi, Mario, Lablache, are singers such as are found in no house but at the Italian Opera. On Thursday week Grisi appeared as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, her perform-

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nance of which was equal to anything she ever accomplished. The charming contrasts of *piano* and *forte* in "Una voce poco fa," the exquisite lightness with which she gave her passages, the accuracy with which she touched distant intervals, and all without the slightest sign of exertion, produced an effect such as Grisi only can attain. That happy spontaneity is hers alone, and Rosina is the character in which she displays it to the utmost. Mario is in excellent voice this season, and seems even advancing in his position. "Ecco vidento il cielo" was delightfully sung, and his connexion of the falsetto with the natural voice without abruptness of transition is admirable. Lablache rescued the character of Dr. Bartolo some years ago from the hands of inferior artists, and it is now one of his best parts. His work is altogether one of creation, and he is on the watch throughout for opportunities to introduce some comical effect. The fidgety air which he assumes, the constantly recurring state of vexation, is a masterpiece of histrionic talent. Nothing can be finer or more true than the air of annoyance with which he sits on the harpsichord when Basilio will not end the eternal "Beona sera." We regret that he left out his song "A un dottore," which used to be so well illustrated by his own pomp, and the lively by-play of Grisi. The air of "Cafariello," in which he imitates the old-fashioned style of giving every note with a slight shake, is excellent, both as a specimen of singing and a piece of burlesque acting. Fornasari perfectly understands the character of Figaro in all its detail, but his voice is little suited to the part. Basilio is well sung by F. Lablache. *Norma* and *Don Pasquale* were played on Tuesday and Thursday, while to-night we have *Il Barbieri*.

*Drury Lane.*—*The Crown Diamonds*, in which Thillon, Harrison, and Donald King, play the principal parts, is attracting largely at this theatre. The last mentioned (Mr. King) bids fair, by the flexibility of his voice, by his perfect knowledge of music, and by native talent, to reach the highest rank in his profession. Carlotta Grisi and the Danseuses Viennoises have been engaged by the enterprising manager.

*Covent Garden.*—*The Wizard of the North*, the most wonderful of all the conjurers of the day, is attracting large houses. The amusement afforded is cheap and agreeable.

*Haymarket.*—This pretty little theatre prospers as it deserves to prosper, in the hands of Benjamin Webster. *The Beggar on Horseback* is a genuine comedy.

*Sadlers Wells.*—*Brutus* and *Judge Jeffreys* (this latter an intellectual and admirable play) are drawing well. Mr. Spicer, the author of *Jeffreys*, has shown his ability

to cope with any living dramatist. In our opinion his new play is superior to any late production from the pen of Sheridan Knowles. There is a masculine vigour that dramatist never possessed.

*Olympic.*—"All about love and jealousy," is a praiseworthy attempt, and but an attempt. "The Spectacle" is very good.

*Adelphi.*—Under certain celestial and other influences, crowded audiences are attracted ever to this house. Wright and Celeste are deservedly increasing in popularity every day.

*The Drama in the Provinces.*—We learn that a young actor, a Mr. Shelley, has recently made his *debut* on the Ipswich boards, and that he is likely to prove a "star" in the dramatic firmament. The *Ipswich Journal* speaks in high terms of his performances. It says, "Mr. Shelley has established himself as an actor of undoubted excellence, qualified, in every point, to uphold the high reputation of the national and legitimate drama. On Wednesday he undertook the character of *Hamlet*, which he sustained in a style of surpassing excellence. The performance was distinguished throughout by originality and elegance, and by those other indications which give full promise of a great actor, in all respects worthy of the Shaksperian school."—*Morning Herald*, April 25.

*Royal Polytechnic Institution.*—There is now exhibiting at the above-named establishment a rotatory engine. This engine is applicable either to stationary or locomotives. It is worked by atmospheric pressure upon a circular railway, twenty-five feet in diameter. So compact is the arrangement, that even practical men are at a loss to discover its mode of operation, for there is nothing to be seen except the cylinders and wheels, the rest of the machinery being inside the cylinders. The arrangement consists merely of the ring of a drum, the corner surface of which is concaved across; over the concavity is laid a piece of flexible material, called metalised cloth; which is merely cloth dipped in a solution of metal, which renders it not only durable and strong, but also impervious to water or steam. At one part of the circumference of the drum the cloth is held firmly against the concavity by a strap, on each side of which there is an orifice, one for admission, the other for the escape of the steam; if, then, steam be allowed to enter the orifice, it will traverse the circumference of the drum between the metal and the cloth, until it escapes through the other orifice, producing a considerable expansion in the cloth; but by causing a roller, so formed as to fit the concavity, to press against the cloth, holding it firmly against the drum, the steam, in its attempt to expand the cloth, will propel the roller

before it, and this roller, being fixed to the end of the beam, gives motion to the shaft running through the axis of the drum. The arrangement is rather difficult to be understood without the aid of a model or drawing, but when once seen can be comprehended by the most unlearned in these matters.

### Music.

We were present on Monday evening, 20th April, at the second lecture by Mr. C. E. Horn at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution on the Music of Different Nations. His first lecture comprised the national music of England and France; the one we attended was that of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. It is unnecessary for us to do more than advert to the former; but it was a rare treat to find ourselves revelling amongst Spanish seguidillas, boleros, canciones, coplas, the zineali or gypsy songs, Moorish melodies, fandangos, &c. &c. Mrs. Horn assisted with her classic style in singing; and in further illustration of Spanish songs, referred to the *Canciones Espanolas* of Guelermo de la Perdiz, one of which Mrs. Horn sang with great taste and execution. Mr. Horn entered fully into the *Modinhas* of Portugal, adverting to those lately published, and reviewed in a preceding number of THE MIRROR. Mr. Horn's third and concluding lecture on the music of Germany, Russia, Hungary, and Poland, will be delivered on the 18th May.

### The Gatherer.

*Persian Painting.*—This age is one which has so refined quackery, as to bring it into a science; hence we always look with suspicion upon every new invention, and unless we ourselves test its value, never venture an opinion. Led by a very favourable report, we lately visited Mr. King's gallery, in Church-row, Islington, for the purpose of examining into the properties of a new style of art called Persian painting. We were in the first place very much pleased with an elegant display of water-colour drawings, and pencil sketches, most elaborately and tastefully executed. The Persian painting however chiefly attracted our attention. This new discovery is a style which, at first glance, appears something between oil and water-colours, with the singular advantage of executing a drawing in four or five hours, which in either of the former styles would require weeks. One beautiful Swiss scene, quite in the style of Brockidon, three or four feet square, executed in the most elegant and finished manner, had occupied Mr. King but eight hours. We were also particularly struck by an admirable representation of St. Aubyn, and by a wild scene of eastern origin. For la-

dies, indeed for all who wish to execute something elegant and finished in a very short space of time, this is a most delightful accomplishment. It can be learnt in three lessons, and we believe on very moderate terms, which can be ascertained on application to Mr. King.

*Sneezing Mal-apropos.*—The following laughable incident is related in a New York paper:—In the new melodrama, recently got up at the Chatham Theatre, a famous robber is taken and beheaded, and his head is exhibited to the audience by being placed on a table in the centre of the stage. To accomplish this to life, the robber's body is fixed to the table, and his neck fitted to a hole in the centre of a leaf, so that to the audience it looks precisely as though the man's head had been cut off and stood up in a pool in his own blood upon the table. On the fifth night of the exhibition, a wag got into the third tier of stand boxes, and by some unexplained manoeuvre, managed to blow a lot of Scotch snuff over the stage, just at the time the head was placed on the table. As soon as the snuff had begun to settle down the head commenced sneezing, to the no small amusement of the audience; and as the sneezing could not be stopped, the curtain fell amidst roars of laughter and confusion.

*The Young Idea.*—The following singular instance of juvenile repartee occurred lately in the suburbs of London. As a boy of twelve years was exercising his dog in a field at the back of his father's garden, it happened that the animal trespassed upon the premises of a coal merchant, who was at the time in his garden, upon which the man threatened to shoot the dog, if the boy did not keep it within bounds. "You shoot him," said the boy, with a wicked look, "you couldn't; you never shot anything in your life but a sack of coals."

*The Real Cause.*—Elizabeth was very delicate in her olfactory nerves, and affected to be still more sensitive on that point than she really was. One day that valiant Welsh commander, Sir Roger Williams, knelt to prefer a petition, which her majesty was determined not to grant, and did not like to be compelled to refuse. Observing that his boots were made of rough untanned leather, instead of answering him, she turned away with a gesture of disgust, exclaiming, "Pooh, Williams, how your boots stink!" "Tut, madam," replied the sturdy Welshman, who understood her meaning, "it is my suit that stinks, not my boots."—*Lives of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland.*

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